Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *paucaverba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheep: well proued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I doe hang mee: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallichollie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He stands aside. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith secrets.

King. So sweet a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes;
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparant bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rid'st thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will show:

But

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou
My teares for glasses, and still make
O Queene of Queenes, how farre do
No thought can thinke, nor tongue
How shall she know my griefes? Ile
Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he

Enter Longauile.

What *Longauill*, and reading: liste
Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one m
Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.
Ber. Why, he comes in like a peri
Long. In loue I hope, sweet fello
Ber. One drunkard loues anothe
Lon. Am I the first, that haue be
Ber. I could put thee in comfort,
Thou makest the triumphery, the co
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that h
Lon. I feare these stubborn lines
O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my L
These numbers will I teare, and wri
Ber. O Rimes are gards on want
Disfigure not his Shop.
Lon. This same shall goe.

He reades th

Did not the heauenly Rh
Gainst whom the wor
Perswade my heart to this
Vowes for thee broke deser
A woman I forswore, but
Thou being a Goddesse, If
My vow was earthly, thou
Thy grace being gain'd, cu
Vowes are but breath, and
Then thou faire Sun, which
Exhalest this vapor-vow,
If broken, then it is no faul
If by me broke, what foole
To lose an oath, to win a P

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